

1-23-1895

Trinity Tablet, January 23, 1895

Trinity College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/tablets>

Recommended Citation

Trinity College, "Trinity Tablet, January 23, 1895" (1895). *Trinity Tablet (1868-1908)*. 329.
<https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/tablets/329>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Trinity Publications (Newspapers, Yearbooks, Catalogs, etc.) at Trinity College Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Trinity Tablet (1868-1908) by an authorized administrator of Trinity College Digital Repository.

The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XXVIII.

JANUARY 23, 1895.

No. 5.

Published every three weeks during the college year.

EDITORS.

DE F. HICKS, '96, *Managing Editor.*

L. L. LEONARD, '96, *Business Manager.*

W. W. PARSONS, '96, *Literary Editor.*

P. J. MCCOOK, '95.

F. M. GODDARD, '96.

J. C. UNDERWOOD, '96.

Terms, \$2.00 per year; single copies, 20 cents. For sale by Smith & McDonough, 301 Main St., and at 2 Northam Towers. Address P. O. Box 398 Hartford, Conn.
Entered at the Post Office at Hartford, Conn., as second-class mail matter.

EDITORIALS.

THE TABLET wonders whether Trinity men appreciate the privileges offered them in the course of lectures, some already delivered, so carefully prepared for the winter. We have been lucky enough for several years to listen to Mr. Warner's delightful literary talks. One of New York's ablest public speakers is Dr. Bolles, and extensive travel has made him able to take a comprehensive view of England's historic stream and the little land of wind-mills. It is to be hoped that Dr. Bolles may be induced at some future time to tell us of his botanical studies, which are his especial delight. The Oberammergau performance of the Passion Play was presented by the Rev. Dr. Ulmann most vividly, showing the great drama in all its native simplicity and earnestness. There remain three lectures in the course. Dr. Clark has attracted much attention by his "Cromwell," and his knowledge of English Literature is not inferior to his work on the English Revolution. Mr. Burton, the author of the Flag Day poem, has made a specialty of dog litera-

ture, and he is always an original and interesting lecturer. Among the reviews in the last TABLET will be noticed those of Prof. Ferguson's new books. Prof. Ferguson's subject is the great English university where he has been spending the last year in study and observation. At Trinity we like to think that we have at least as good chances for refinement as elsewhere, and nothing could be devised better than the course now being delivered here. The attendance so far has been fairly large, but more of the town than the gown, and the students would do well in awaking to the fact that there is entertainment and profit at Alumni Hall, which the majority of educated people would be glad to go far and pay money to enjoy.

* * * * *

A MEMBER of the eleven of '94 stopped at the gymnasium the other day. He had last entered the building a month or so before to dress for the team picture. After looking about wonderingly for a time, and drinking in the novelty of the sights and sounds, he went up to the track, and on his way met the instructor, who started noticeably at sight of him and escaped into the trophy room muttering, "A foot-ball man in the gymnasium!" This occurrence and his own feeling of strangeness and loneliness—for he was the only one of the striped variety present—led him to meditation of a somewhat serious nature. His thoughts ran in this wise: "There are many men in College who scarcely see the inside of this building after their obligatory work is over; men, too, who did well in indoor athletics at school and could do well still. The gymnasium exhibition is coming, to which we invite townspeople, some of them good judges of such performances, and they will see—what? A little jumping, a little kicking at a tin plate suspended in the air, something called an exhibition on horizontal and parallel bars; perhaps if we are very enthusiastic, a potato race or an obstacle race, and these participated in by men who have begun work

of any kind one week or, at most, two before. Then, too, baseball is not far off, and the spring meet of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association will call upon us to do something for the honor of the College. It is true that it is not likely that we will often be able to win much renown in these contests, but, as in football, the good word is to train, and keep on training until fortune brings us, as it is sure to do some time, winning men. Have not men such as I, who possess a taste for athletics and the body to make such things possible, a duty to my College in this direction?"

* * * * *

THE College is to be congratulated upon the interest which is being taken in the Oratorical Contest, the deplorable neglect of which was spoken of in a previous issue. Through the generosity of one of our younger alumni a sum of money has been deposited with a member of the faculty, which is to go towards making up the prizes for the next five years. Subscriptions from the college have raised this sum to almost half the required amount, and if everyone does his share the contest on February 22nd will be possible. The mere assurance that the prizes will be forthcoming, however, will not make the success of the Oratoricals certain, and everyone of any ability in the way of oratory should take sufficient interest to compete. The contest is open to the three upper classes, two men from each class, selected after competition, delivering their orations in public. A committee has been appointed by the senior class to have charge of the contest, and it is hoped that they will meet with hearty support in this laudable effort to revive a time honored college institution.

* * * * *

THE TABLET takes great pleasure in announcing that the prize for verse has been awarded to Mr. W. T. Olcott, '96, for his "Twilight," and that Mr. H. R. Remsen, '98, should receive hon-

orable mention for the sonnet submitted by him. The Board was very much disappointed both in the quality and quantity of manuscript submitted in competition for the prose prize, and after careful consideration decided that none of the articles were of sufficient merit to warrant an award and consequently the time for the close of this competition has been extended to Monday, March 4.

A NIGHT WITH THE SPIRITS.

MY first acquaintance with the inn of Jacob Burgweiler was made in the cosy room at the end of the short hall, after a day's ride in the hot German sun.

It was after eight o'clock when I had rattled down over the cobbles of a steep hill and stopped in one of the crooked streets of the little village of Kempenich to enquire for a place to spend the night. The outlook was dismal enough. The dim light showed me that the houses were for the most part poorly built and dirty, with such barnyards as existed, prominent and malodorous. A ragged urchin of ten, at his mother's command, stopped staring long enough to direct me to the only tavern, a long low building with a trifle more pretension to cleanliness and architecture than the surrounding houses. The crowd that gathered in five minutes to try the brake and ring the bell of the bicycle—old men, women with babies in their arms, and boys by the dozen—showed that in the neighborhood this machine was as rare a sight as a silk hat.

By the time that the crowding and jostling and the babel of cries and exclamations were reaching an unbearable point, mine host appeared at his door and rescued me. He was a short, stout man, better dressed than the other villagers, with a curious mixture of stolidity and suspicion expressed on his face. Having reclaimed my

property from the clutches of the boys, I was ushered into the room mentioned before.

A bright fire was burning in the huge open fire-place, for although the day had been warm, the night in the valley among the mountains was cold and damp. The heavy pieces of oaken furniture reflected the cheerful glow, which was the only light in the corner where I sat down to a greasy dinner of meat with uneatable potatoes. The ceiling was low and black with smoke. The room evidently served the purpose of an ordinary drinking place as well as that of a dining room.

Directly across from me sat a most interesting party, their table lighted by candles. Three portly, overdressed men, probably solid people of the town, were entertaining two priests at a banquet. The faces of the latter were turned away, so that I could see only their flowing black 'gowns. It was perfectly plain, however, that the stouter of the two had already consumed more red wine than was good for him, and he seemed indisposed to discontinue, despite the frequent nudges of his brother ecclesiastic and significant nods in my direction. In fact, a great deal of noise was proceeding from the group, and momentarily increasing in volume. The constant flow of words, the clinking of glasses, and the occasional loud guttural exclamations, soon became monotonous, and I was not at all sorry to be shown upstairs into the airy bedroom which the landlord had hastily prepared.

At first I was well satisfied with my location, but the inconvenience of living in such a place became speedily apparent. At one end of the room was an immense window which obstinately refused to be closed. although every few moments there sucked in a draught of cold air from the hills. The first investigation of the bed clothes proved that the sheets were no exception to Continental sheets in general, except that these felt as if the washerwoman had forgotten even to wring them out. My attention was next attracted to the edge

of a wooden box that projected slightly from under the bed. What was my utter bewilderment when I pulled out into the light of the solitary candle—a pinewood coffin ! I do not remember to have felt at the time any particular horror or disgust, being possibly too thoroughly tired ; I merely placed the object outside the door, and was rather disappointed to find that there was on the door no sign of a bolt or lock.

In spite of wet sheets and chilly air from the window, I fell before long into the restless sleep of thorough exhaustion. It seemed to me that I had long been conscious of something disagreeable, when I was definitely wakened by the striking of the village clock. The room was extremely cold, and I shivered and drew the bed clothes about me. The window was still wide open, and the full moon shone through directly on the bed, showing with great distinctness the objects in the path of its rays, but making the obscure corners by contrast seem darker than before. Now and then a cloud drifted across the sky ; the air was full of dampness and mist, as the temperature of the room showed.

The prospect was far from cheerful, and I turned over to try to sleep again, when there came a soft knock at the door. Nervous and tired as I was, I involuntarily jumped up in bed, and two more knocks were given, sharp and loud. Leaping out, I lighted the candle and approached the door. There was dead silence in answer to my question of "Who's there?" "Does n't understand English," I thought, and turned the knob. Scarcely was a crack opened when a puff of wind blew out the candle ; but in that instant I had seen that there was nothing outside—nothing, at least, but the pine coffin, with its straight, stiff outlines. As I stood there, again only in the light of the moon, the low growl of a dog, startled perhaps by my step, sounded from the court-yard below the window. Not another murmur interrupted the stillness. Nothing was left but to crawl back into bed, and as I did so, the dog below broke into a

howl, long, continuous and mournful. Again I turned over, and again heard the double knock on the door.

There was no more sleep for me that night, it seemed. I am ashamed to confess that the thought of what was lying on the floor outside troubled me considerably, and that my mind persisted in connecting that with the rapping. Ever and again it came—"tap, tap—" now soft, now loud, and rendered more gruesome by the accessories of cold and dampness, the dim light, and the dreary and never ceasing bay of the hound.

Shades of Cerberus, how that dog howled! Surely never mortal creature showed such tireless vigor, such persistency, such ingenuity in modulation of pitch and variation of volume. Sometimes his voice dropped to a ferocious growl, and then again it would rise in a frantic outburst of ghoulish song. "Wenn ein Hund heult, stirbt jemand," I remembered reading somewhere, and for my mind in its unhealthy state the ever recurring phrase seemed to possess a strange fascination.

Finally I relighted the candle, placed it on a table near by, and sat up in bed. And now for some reason, although the howling never once abated, there were no more knocks, and it was probably the feeling of security induced by this fact which brought sleep to me.

At all events, my next sensation was that of a very stiff neck. I was still in the same position. The candle had burned out and was merely a black stain on the candle-stick. In the yard outside the fowls were holding jubilee, and from the sunlit woods beyond came the whirl of insects, the song of birds, and all the mingled buzz and bustle that ushers in a hot midsummer day. At that moment the whole world seemed changed. The room certainly did not resemble in the least the place of horror where I had spent such a wretched night.

I walked to the window for a breath of air, and on my way struck

my foot against a loose board. Almost simultaneously came the double knock! In an instant the mystery of the long, long night was explained. A post of the bed rested on one end of a warped plank, the other extremity of which lay near the threshold. Whenever therefore a weight was suddenly pressed on that corner of the bed, the further part of the board was raised and dropped, producing the sound which imitated so exactly a knock. Spirit rapping indeed!

For how many ghost stories, I wondered, had that board been responsible? How many had gone into that chamber skeptics, and left it converted to a belief in the most ridiculous theories at which they had ever smiled in others? And finally, why had that coffin been placed under the bed in a guest room, and what was in it? Though about this last question I did not much care, now that some other things were clear. And as for the dog—he, poor beast, had doubtless partaken of the remains of my badly cooked meal, and very likely my restlessness and his might justly be attributed to the same cause. We should probably both have slept the sleep of the just, without that meal. Such is human responsibility.

As I went downstairs the object outside the door caught my eye. It had no terrors for me now, and looked innocent enough in the light of day. My host was given a little advice about proper furniture for the bed room, and told of the loose board—the dog he had himself heard and cursed in his heart. I understood him to say that he intended to kill the animal.

Unfortunately the scantiness of my knowledge of German prevented me from offering the excuse for his conduct which I have mentioned.

P. J. McC.

A SONNET.

ETERNAL crags which lift your heads on high,
And as the holy guardians of your land,
In solemn grandeur on the border stand,
Lifting your snow-capped ridges to the sky,
How oft the hungry eagle's piercing cry
Across your crests the sweeping breezes fanned,
As, swooping on some wanderer from the band
Of fleecy sheep, he dooms the lost to die !
The lightning strokes, the thunder rumbling far,
The roaring tempest wind, the sobbing rain,
Have only left upon your cliffs their scar,
They shake your firm foundations all in vain.
So, like the cliffs do great men stand, their lot
To guard the truth, with hearts that falter not.

H. R. R.

THE PLANTATION OF THE CROSS-MARKED PINE.

A SILENT sentinel it stands, in the midst of tall grass and underbrush. On one side scrub-pine and oak obstruct the view, and on the other a dismal swamp, with its dead and bleached stumps offers a convenient hiding place for the rattlesnake and adder. There it towers a veteran of over eighty—a crusader, for it bears rudely carved on its bark a great white cross. Lonely and solitary it grows, for the place is rarely visited, only now and then an emigrant bound for Texas will leave the road, tempted hither by the green grass, and, all unmindful of the terrible symbol staring at him, will camp there over night. But no one has ever staid there long, the gloom of the spot terrifies him, and the breeze on a seemingly breathless evening, as it flows through the lofty boughs of the tall pine, sounds like soft voices whispering words of dread secrecy.

Two miles further on, amidst fertile fields, and surrounded by the

clustering slave-quarters, the planter's house stands. On this evening the owner sat by his brightly crackling fire, rubbing his hands together in a manner suggestive of imaginary ablution, and saying all chuckling to himself, "A good crop, ten thousand dollars, and all right here," tapping the hearth with his foot, "all right here safe and sound." At that moment a loud rap sounded at the door, and, as the planter sat for a moment loath to leave his pleasant musings, the knock was repeated even more peremptorily. The planter arose, stretched, yawned, and opened the door. On the threshold stood a stranger who held in his right hand the bridle of a powerful gray mare, and in his left a riding whip just raised as if to strike the door a second time. "What do you want?" "'Knock and it shall be opened unto you'"—trumpeted the new comer in a highly resonant nasal twang, "Brother, I want a night's lodging, I am on my way to Texas to visit the redeemed of the Lord." Now the planter, seeing in the stranger a minister of his own denomination, received him gladly, all the more as his long prayer breathed the odor of sanctity, and his conversation was thickly larded with scriptural quotations. More and more impressed by his guest's piety, and the deep knowledge which he displayed of Bible subjects, the planter talked till late at night, and at last, in a burst of confidence, told him all about his cotton crop and the large price received for it, and intimated that the money was hidden under the very fire-place at which they were seated. The stranger took a deep interest in the story, and at last said, "'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' Still, Brother Bonner, 'Lay not up for thyself treasures on earth'—remember the sacred warning. Besides, are you not afraid to keep so much money about? What should you do if Murrell were to turn up here some evening? God's curses on that fox who preys on His people's sheep-fold? Moreover, he has, I think, his meeting place near here." "True," Planter Bonner replied, "But he has never troubled me, and I am not afraid of him." "Him whom

the Lord helpeth can not fear," said the deacon in his nasal key, but a suspicious smile lurked at the corners of his mouth and eyes.

The next morning the minister had a terrible cold, and the planter, only too happy to keep so holy a man to bless his roof, refused to let him depart. All day he sat cowering over the fire complaining of chills and fever, and once when Bonner came in he found him in a deep reverie, his bright eyes fixed on the shining red hearth stone. About noon, (the minister insisted on going the next day,) the overseer called Bonner down to the cotton-gin and said: "See here, I don't like that 'ere preacher, there's something wrong about him." "What do you mean?" replied the planter in amusement. "I mean I don't care for the looks o' things. Yesterday he asked me if I could take a message unbeknownst to anyone and whispered something or another 'bout gold, and that very evening, as I was coming home at about eleven o'clock from the neighbors, if he wasn't a-standing and a-gaping in at the winders. 'Nice night,' says I. 'Good glass, eh?' He turned 'round like a lion and sez he, 'True,' sez he, 'what 's that ter the like o' ye?' I'd have the sheriff and the boys attend to that 'ere preacher." Arrest a minister! Bonner was indeed shocked. But when he went in he thought it best to ask him for his credentials, which up to this time he had quite forgotten. The Rev. Thomas Barker looked fixedly at the planter, and then shaking his head mournfully as if he regretted the loss of faith in mankind said, "'Behold your home is left unto you desolate.' I shall have to depart. In my hurry I left my testimonials at Memphis. I thought myself of going for them but the Lord's hand sore afflicted his servant. I asked your overseer to do so, but he would not. I have, though, a letter from the presiding elder," and he started to his saddle bags to get it. Bonner followed. The search revealed no such document—only an envelope fluttered at the planter's feet. In a twinkling the minister had snatched it up, but in that instant Bonner had time to catch a glimpse of the last part of the

address, and the word which he did see removed all doubts as to the stranger's identity. Very politely bidding the minister good-night, he hurried out and putting one of his men on the fleetest saddle horse he owned told him to ride like mad for the sheriff.

Bonner was now undeceived. He knew that he was harboring John Murrell, the terror of the whole countryside—a man whose exploits far surpassed those of Captain Kidd, and who had made for many years the cross-marked pine tree his meeting place.

About eight the sheriff came, and followed by Bonner, his overseer and several slaves all fully armed, he walked up the stairs and rapped at the door. There was no answer, but listening intently they heard the inmate of the room jump from his bed to the floor. At the same time the sheriff, who weighed a good two hundred, bounded against the door, and was ushered headlong into the room. As he fell on the floor a bullet flew over his head, and Murrell was seen holding the still smoking weapon in one hand and with the other trying to open the sash nearest his bed. As the planter and the overseer rushed in, Murrell with wonderful strength and agility jumped backwards through the window. He fell on the ground outside, was up in a minute, and, favored by the night, which was pitch black, escaped, and joined, as it was afterwards found, a part of his gang in waiting outside.

And this is the story of the "Marked Tree Plantation" which I have heard my uncle tell many times. And if you do not believe it, whenever you come out to Texas I will show you the cross, the saddle bags, the pistols, and everything else that Murrell left behind him.

H. R. R.

HASHISH.

THERE is a world of fair and joyous life,
Far off beyond the time-worn paths of men,
Beyond our straight and narrow-bounded ken,
Above the scene of this unceasing strife
Where each against his brother bears the knife
In evolution's wild turmoil ; for when
We join the band of human toilers, then
We enter on a field with murder rife.
Could we but live in feeling ! Since we know
Material forms are phantoms of the mind,
Unreal, like fleeting smoke. Yet here below,
Throughout this world of sense, run cords which bind
And sway our souls ; some breath from long ago
Sighs through us, like a random summer wind.

A world of dreams—a world of scent and song !
The mind exalted reigns supreme and high,
All feelings lose their bonds, and passions fly
Etherialized, on vibrant wings and strong.
All forms of thought become one swaying throng,
All senses merge in one to beautify
A soul, resplendent and unfettered by
Gross bonds of muddy earth. Strains sweet and long
In mystic cadences float past. Here time
Is endless. Here creations rise and gleam
In thousand forms of life from many a clime ;
A few short hours on earth below, here seem
A thousand, aye, ten thousand years ; the theme
Of life sweeps on in one continuous stream.

L. P.

TWILIGHT.

WHAT a mournful note is stealing
O'er the vales and far away !
'Tis the curfew bell a-pealing,
Tolling out the dying day.
Hark ! to echoes sweetly ringing,
Creeping o'er the hills of gray.
Lowing herds are homeward wending,
Tinkling bells sound o'er the lea,
Twilight hues are ever blending,
Weaving veils of mystery.
In the village, lights are twinkling,
Bats are winging silently.
Timidly the stars are peering,
Through the dim, uncertain light,
Hidden now but persevering,
Heralds of the coming night.
While the night wind, gently sighing,
Whispers to the woodland sprite.

W. T. O.

THE STROLLER.

COLLEGE life, after the short interruption of the Christmas recess, is fast settling down into its normal conditions. This will be more apparent after the mid-winter examinations which occur very shortly—at least this is the opinion expressed by many students on the walk—and as the ideas expressed on the walk are very few indeed, they deserve attention. It is a noticeable fact that holidays dissipate ideas ; why this is true we ask ourselves in vain, but that it is so we do not doubt. At this season THE STROLLER notices that the College in the evening presents a more cheerful front than usual. Lights gleam from every window, telling that within doors is hard work and diligent application preparatory to the approaching examinations. The cheerful notes from the various musical organizations which are practising in the gymnasium with the spring tour in view, tend to enliven the walk, and the usual bustle of “get-

ting settled " is heard on all sides. THE STROLLER has been able to learn very little news. Since College opened nothing of great importance to his fellow Strollers has happened. The examinations are of paramount importance now, and demand more attention than they deserve. Despite this fact THE STROLLER is very glad to notice that a suggestion made in a recent issue of THE TABLET to the effect that debating societies were a good thing, is bearing fruit in the form of the contest held very recently, when a debate colored by arguments of great significance and importance, were presented, and one which concerns problems of human welfare that are invaluable. THE TABLET feels very much gratified and hopes that the good work will continue, and that this debate is the forerunner of many others to follow during the winter.

* * *

THE STROLLER has noted the excitement caused by a phrenologist who has been visiting the College during the past few days. Many students, anxious to learn the occupation for which they are best fitted have asked the aid of this phrenologist, and have in some instances been gratified, but again in others greatly disappointed. It has been suggested that it would be a very wise thing to have this man around when THE TABLET board is to be augmented by the election of new members. Without exertion, the phrenologist tells whether or no a man is fitted for a literary career, and if he is capable of producing good literary results, but his abilities are not limited to any particular line or direction, but the ability to play foot-ball, base-ball, or to go into general athletics is read with equal ease and exactness. It seems very remarkable that with so short an examination so many characteristics can be disclosed, and many men who were skeptical before an examination, were afterwards converted, and acknowledge that very remarkable results were obtained, and secrets disclosed under the hand of this skillful reader.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

THE Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs will give a joint concert with the Wesleyan Glee and Mandolin Clubs, at Foot Guard Hall, Hartford, February 19th.

The Track Team will begin training immediately after the examinations.

Prof. Robb appeared before a late meeting of the City Street Board to report, on behalf of the Hartford Electric Light Co., in regard to underground conduit systems.

The committee to make arrangements for the Oratoricals on Feb. 22, are : Willard , chairman ; Burrage, and Littell.

SUPERSTITIOUS.

I AM very superstitious,
And protest most loudly when
There are thirteen at the table,
And there's only food for ten.

W. T. O.

H. R. Dingwall, '95, owing to a severe injury to his knee, which will prevent his playing during the coming season, has resigned the Captaincy of the Base-ball Team.

At a meeting of the team the vote for captain resulted in a tie between Broughton, '95, and Penrose, '95, who was captain last year. Later ballots decided the election in favor of Penrose.

At a meeting of '95, held on Jan. 16th, R. H. Macauley was elected Class Day President ; J. H. Smart, Historian ; S. H. Littell, Orator ; F. S. Burrage, Poet ; E. P. Hamlin, Lemon Squeezer Orator ; R. F. Welsh, Presenter ; and E. M. Yeomans, to deliver Epilogue.

The Class also elected officers for the year as follows : J. Strawbridge, President ; C. D. Broughton, Vice-President ; E. P. Hamlin, Secretary and Treasurer.

POLICY.

"TIS more blessed to give than it is to receive,"
Is the maxim of Corbett and Co.
And they strikingly prove that these facts are correct
When they swing in a knock-out blow.

W. T. O.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association on Jan. 19, C. S. Morris, '96, was elected Manager of the Base-ball Team ; C. C. Coster, '97, Junior Director of the Foot-ball Team ; W. McA. Johnson, Sophomore Director ; C. D Broughton,

Senior Director of the Base-ball team. The Captain of the Track Athletic Team submitted a design for a sweater for the team. It was for a blue sweater with rolling collar, having a gold stripe around the edge. On the front of the sweater, the letters T. A. A., and around the bottom another stripe.

After adopting amendments repealing any previous legislation on the subject, and allowing the tennis representative at New Haven, the privilege of wearing the sweater, the design was adopted. The Base-ball manager was requested to keep the 8th of May open as a possible date for a Field Day. Steps were also taken to prevent the wearing of a "T" on sweaters or shirts by others than members of the various Athletic Associations.

HE WAS A BANK CASHIER.

WHY put our marriage off my dear ?
Why should we be delaying,
Surrounded as I am by wealth,
In business that 's most paying ?

W. T. O.

On Monday evening, Jan. 14th, Rev. Dr. Bolles, '55, lectured in Alumni Hall before an audience composed of many from the college and city on "The Thames from Source to Sea." Both the lecture and the views illustrating it were much enjoyed.

On Tuesday evening Dr. Bolles again lectured, his subject being "Picturesque Holland." Those who heard him could not but have been entertained even if the stereopticon views had not brought the subject more vividly to them.

The third German will be led by F. S. Burrage, '95, and S. H. Littell, '95, on Tuesday, February 5th.

Prof. McCook, who injured his eye just before the Christmas vacation, has entirely recovered.

The examinations commence Monday, January 28th.

The manager of the musical clubs has arranged the following schedule of concerts for the Easter trip : New York, April 22nd ; Philadelphia, April 23rd ; Baltimore, April 24th ; Washington, April 25th ; Wilmington, April 26th. There is also a possibility that a concert will be arranged to be given in Albany on April 20th.

The Dramatic Association, under its new name of "The Jesters," gave a very successful repetition of "Chums" and "Germs" at Unity Hall, in the city, on January 11th.

AN INTERESTING DEBATE.

“RESOLVED: That ambition has more influence on the human race than fear,” was the subject discussed Saturday, by the debating club of the Zion Hill Church and representatives of the college. The colored gentlemen were Messrs. Brown, Lassiter and Clark, who had the negative side, and their opponents Messrs. Willard, Dyett and Parsons. The judges were Strawbridge, Burke, and Welsh, '95. There were fifty or sixty students present, who sang college songs until ten o'clock, when the chair rapped for order.

Mr. Willard opened for the affirmative. He said that the only way we can progress, the only way the world has progressed, is by reaching forward into the future. This is hope—this is ambition. “In that vast desert over which our trackless feet are passing, in that one Nirvana toward which our impotent hands are impotently stretching, we are not moved by any little fears. But the Goddess of Hope it is which directs our energies, watches over our course, and guides our progress.”

Mr. Brown, the next speaker, reminded Mr. Willard that he (Mr. Willard) had brandished a hatchet and knife at some unruly spectators, threatening them unless they remained quiet. To what feeling, Mr. Brown asked, had Mr. Willard appealed in their breasts? Was it ambition?

Mr. Dyett, for the affirmative, said that ambition increases, and fear grows less, as we ascend from the lower to the higher forms of animal life. There have been many enlightened men without fear, but where one without ambition? Take for example Charlemagne, Napoleon, Clive, and Woolsey. [Enter Woolsey J., '98.] Mr. Dyett said that he had not expected the debate to be illustrated by living pictures. [Cries of “There is but one Woolsey.”] The speaker said he was not afraid of his opponents, but actuated by ambition to defeat them.

Dr. Lassiter next spoke briefly as follows: “I will ask my worthy constituents a question with an austere, philosophical mind. I will ask them not with philosophical speculations but with mathematical demonstration.” * * “Was it not from fear that Pharaoh decreed that all the males under two years should be slain? Why did Herod interrogate the wise men and say, ‘I will go and worship,’ in his diabolical fallacy?” * * “Was it not from fear that the North fought the South—fear that the South would put it in utter, teetotal, absolute oligolical misrule?”

Mr. Parsons made a very strong argument for the affirmative: Did not Eve's

ambition to become as one of the gods overcome her fear of God's punishment? The angels fell through ambition. Calvinism seems to be dying out, and its doctrines are based on fear. Mr. Parsons said in opposition to Dr. Lassiter that the subject was a philosophical one.

Mr. Clark, the last speaker for the negative, denied Mr. Parsons's statement about philosophy. The point was discussed by himself, Dr. Lassiter and Mr. Parsons. In answer to the argument from famous men, Mr. Clark said that his opponents had made a confession most pleasing to him. They had acknowledged that while the higher classes were influenced by ambition, fear moved the ignorant masses. "Now it is a notorious fact," said he, "that ignorant people constitute a majority of the globe's population, and the subject says 'on the human race?'"

The eyes of all were now fixed with longing on the prizes—three chickens, which were proudly perched on a box behind the judges, little knowing the fate which awaited them. So the debate was closed, after a few remarks from each of the speakers. Dr. Lassiter made the most striking address. He accused his opponents of using too subtle arguments. "My worthy constituent," said he, "soared forty-four million miles through space, past the weeping Pleiades, and perched on the topmost pinnacle of the diaphanous, diabolical lunar, in solitude and woe, watching the satellites revolve about the moon."

The judges retired, and after careful consideration of the points made, awarded the prize to the gentlemen on the negative side. This decision was entirely to the satisfaction of all present. Carrying off their spoils in the orthodox fashion, the victors departed.

It is to be hoped that a series of debates will be arranged with the same parties.

AFTER EXAMS.

HE angrily retorted, when the Faculty reported
That the hours of his conditions would surely number ten,
"I won't climb the tree of knowledge if I must attend a college
With this peculiar *Faculty* for dropping low-stand men."

PERSONALS.

Any one having information concerning Alumni will confer a favor by communicating the same to the Editors.

Dr. GURDON W. RUSSELL, '34, has been reëlected President of the Hartford Hospital.

Bishop WILLIAMS, '35, has been reëlected Chaplain of the Connecticut Society of Colonial Wars.

J. W. BACON, '46, is President of the Savings Bank of Danbury, Conn. Address 215 Main street.

The Rev. Dr. JOHN BAKEWELL, '59, for some years in charge of the mission in Berkeley, Cal., has been elected Rector of the newly organized parish in that place.

Prof. J. J. MCCOOK, '63, delivered an address on "Tramps," at Parker Hall, Boston, on the evening of January 3rd, a full report of which was given in the *Boston Herald* of the 4th.

At the 107th regular meeting of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence held in New York, January 14th, JOHN SABINE SMITH, '63, delivered as his President's Inaugural Address, "The Police Power and the Public Health."

Professor FERGUSON, '68, attended the meetings of the American Oriental Society, the Society of Biblical Literature, and the American Historical Society, at Philadelphia and Washington, in the Christmas vacation.

A paper by Bishop NICHOLS, '70, on Saint Columba, has been published in the "Soldier and Servant Series" of the Junior Auxiliary Publishing Company.

The Rev. H. M. BARBOUR, '70, has accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, New York City.

The Rev. Dr. G. W. DOUGLAS, '71, has been elected Vice-Chairman of the Trustees of the Cathedral Foundation of the District of Columbia; the Rev. Dr. A. MACKAY-SMITH, '72, is also one of the Trustees.

The volume of New York Church Club Lectures lately published, contains one on "Sardica and Appeals to Rome," by the Rev. Dr. LUCIUS WATERMAN, '71.

The Rev. E. E. MAYNADIER, '75, should be addressed at Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., of which he is Chaplain. He is also Rector of the Church of St. Ignatius, Oxon Hill, Maryland.

Rev. J. F. GEORGE, '77, is Rector of St. Paul's Church, Winston, N. C.

The address of A. E. PATTISON, '80, is at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Co., Hartford.

G. S. HUNTINGTON, M. D., '81, has been elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Association of American Anatomists.

The Rev. J. H. McCrackan, '82, is spending the winter at Los Angeles, Cal.

Professor C. M. ANDREWS, '84, has delivered a course of lectures on "The Community," at the School of Sociology in this city.

The Rev. E. L. SANFORD, '84, has resigned the Archdeaconry of the West Platte, Neb., and should be addressed at Salisbury, Conn.

W. D. McCrackan, '85, has lectured recently at St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, on Switzerland.

ROBERT THORNE, '85, should be addressed No. 134 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The address of the Rev. F. C. WAINWRIGHT, '88, is 209 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

The Rev. F. G. WILLIAMS, '89, has become Rector of all Saints' Church, Pontiac, R. I.

J. R. BACON, ex-'92, should be addressed at 215 Main street, Danbury, Conn.

MARRIED—In the Independent Presbyterian Church, Savannah, Ga., December 27th, W. R. LEAKEN, '80, and Miss RUTH STEWART.

MARRIED—In Rome, N. Y., January 9th, GEORGE S. WATERS, '87, and Miss MAUD ROGERS SCHUES.

On St. Stephen's Day, December 26th, 1894, the Rev. WM. C. HICKS, '91, was advanced to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. T. A. Starkey, D. D.

MARRIED—In the Church of the Messiah, Providence, R. I., January 16th, the Rev. F. B. COLE, '93, and Miss GERTRUDE COLLINS.

NECROLOGY.

JAMES ATKINS WAY, a graduate in the class of 1837, died at his home in Marshall, Mich., on the 29th day of November, in the 78th year of his age. His whole life after his graduation was spent in Marshall, where he studied law with

Governor J. W. GORDON, '29, and was admitted to the bar. For many years before his death he had been engaged in banking. He held an honored position in the community, and had a high reputation for generosity and integrity.

The Rt. Rev. DAVID BUEL KNICKERBACKER, D. D., a graduate in the class of 1853, died at his home in Indianapolis, Ind., on the last day of December, after an illness of a few days. He was ordained in 1856, after studying theology at the General Theological Seminary; and he went at once to the new settlement at Minneapolis, where he remained rector for twenty-seven years, seeing the population increase a thousand fold. In 1883 he was elected Bishop of Indiana, and was consecrated in October. He leaves the record of a diligent and faithful life.

Intelligence has been received of the death of CHARLES JAMES TODD, at one time a member of the class of 1855.

EXCHANGES.

IN clipping the following from the *University Courier*, we can but wonder at the effect of the "gentle passion" on the composition of verse. If "Sadie" felt any "throbs" before this verse appeared, we wonder to what enormous extent the throbs were felt afterwards. The rhyme between "throbs" and "rob" opens a new field for youthful poets, and unless some untimely blow shatters to annihilation such liberties we anticipate a great future for college verse.

TO SADIE.

Felt you ever any throbs
Of that feeling known as love,
The feeling which comes from above
And which no man from you can rob?

—*University Courier*.

A QUERY.

YE listening rocks, ye sounding sea,
 Ye bellowing winds from o'er the lea !
 Oh ! tell me, if ye can tell aught,
 What will they call the class 00 ?

—*Yale Record.*

MY MUSIC.

I HAVE heard the wondrous Melba
 And her rhapsodies of tone,
 And I've listened oft to Patti,
 And the child they call Caronne—
 Yes, and to the grand Messiah,
 And a thousand anthems low,
 But their airs have never thrilled me
 Like another that I know.

It's the sweetest, and the brightest,
 And the lightest, of them all,
 Yet it fills to overflowing
 Heart and soul, my brain and all—

* * * * *

It's the jingle and the tinkle,
 And the tinkle and the crunch,
 Of the glasses and the ladle
 In the Christmas Bowl of Punch.

—*Wrinkle.*

MORAE as metrical units of feet

The Greeks were accustomed to class.
 But metre's the unit that seemeth most meet,
 For meters are measures of *gas*.—*Ex.*

SATISFACTORY SURROUNDINGS.

As Corydon and Phyllis fair
Paused in the shade to rest,
He threw his arms about her there
And drew her to his breast.

"If I had gold," he said to her,
" 'Twould be my dearest duty
To see that your surroundings were
Befitting to your beauty."

Sweet Phyllis blushed and softly sighed
A sigh of deep content,
And whispering said, I'm "satisfied
With my environment."—*Ex.*

BYRON UP TO DATE.

THE plumber came down like a wolf on the fold,
His pockets well crammed with solder and gold ;
Five hours and a half he made love to the cook,
And sixty-five dollars he charged in his book.—*Ex.*

THERE was a young girl in our choir
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of sight,
And they found it next day in the spoir.—*Ex.*

IF Mary's snowy little lamb,
Back to the earth would hie,
The jokes he'd see about himself
Would make him glad to die.—*Ex.*